MARVEL COMICS GROUP
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DOCTOR STRANGE
MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
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THERE ARE WORLDS BEYOND OUR WORLD... REALITIES WHICH EXIST BEYOND OUR MEAGER PERCEPTIONS OF TIME AND SPACE!
ONE SUCH REALM IS THE BIZARRE DIMENSION OF DREAMS--A MYSTIC PLANE RULED BY A TYRANT BOTH POWERFUL AND CRUEL!
NIGHTMARE!
YES, DOCTOR STRANGE--'TIS I, YOUR SWORN FOE! YOU HAVE ERRED MOST SERIOUSLY IN VENTURING INTO MY DOMAIN!
FOR THOUGH YOU BE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS, YOU ARE STILL A MORTAL MAN!
AND MORTAL MEN CAN DIE!

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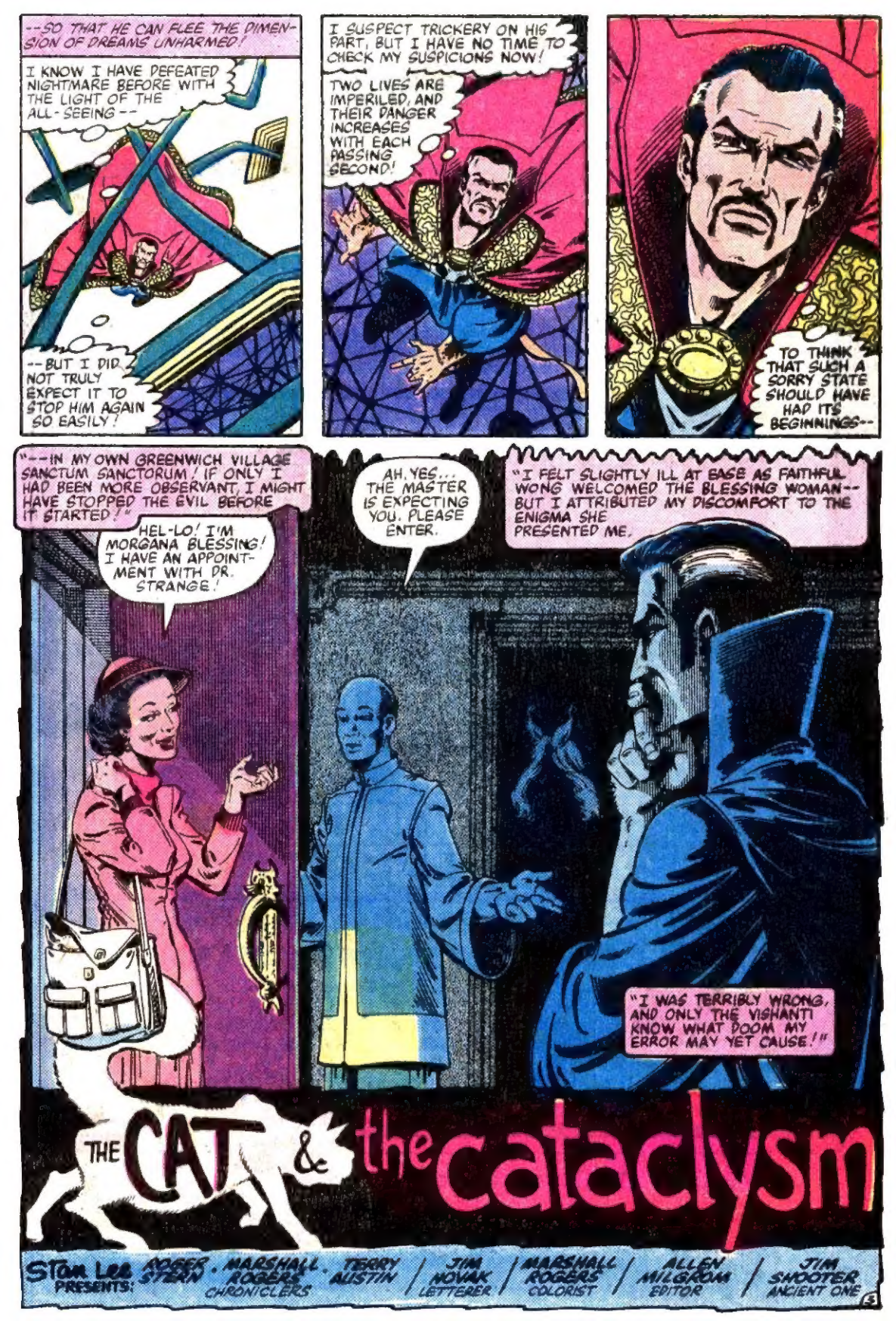
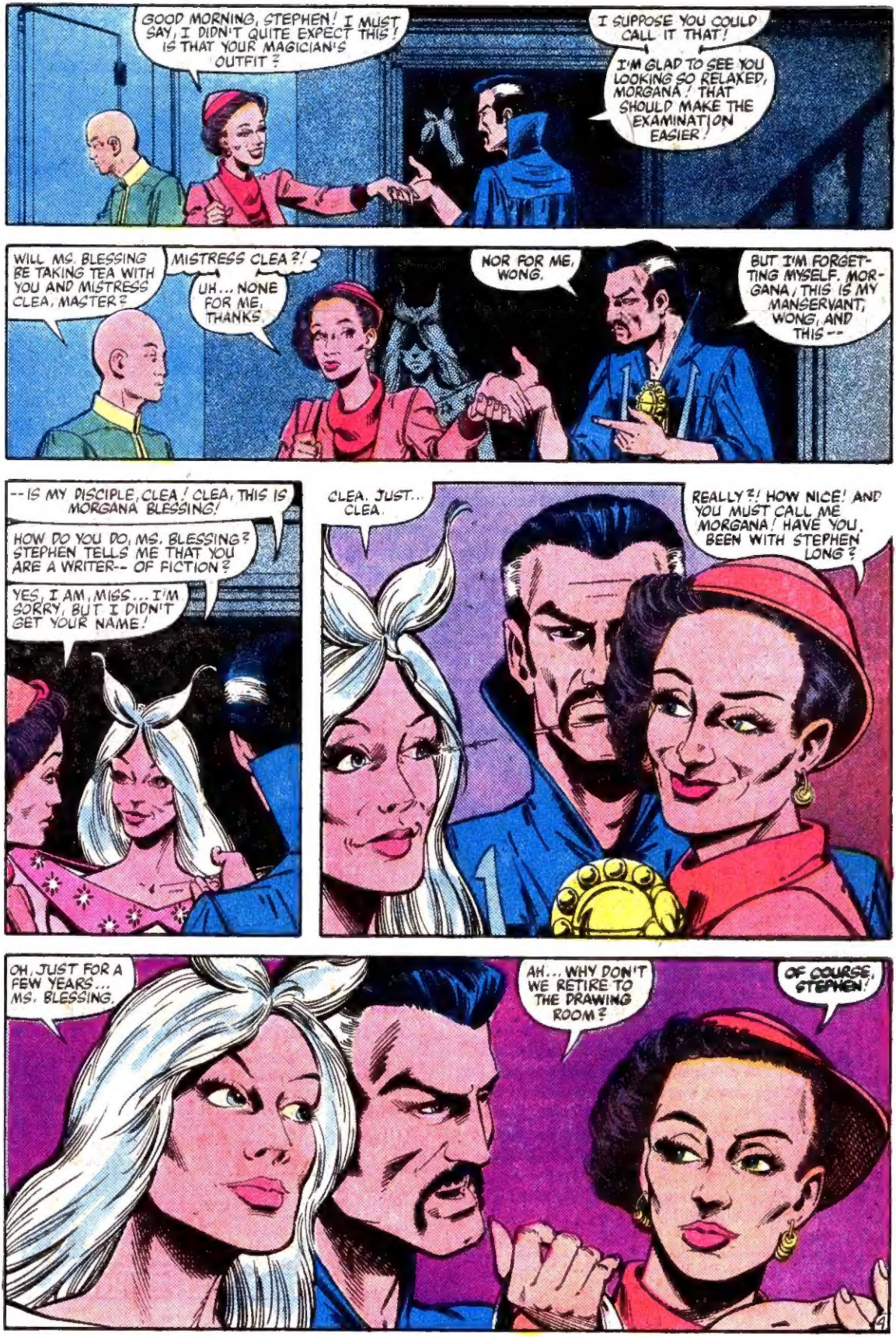
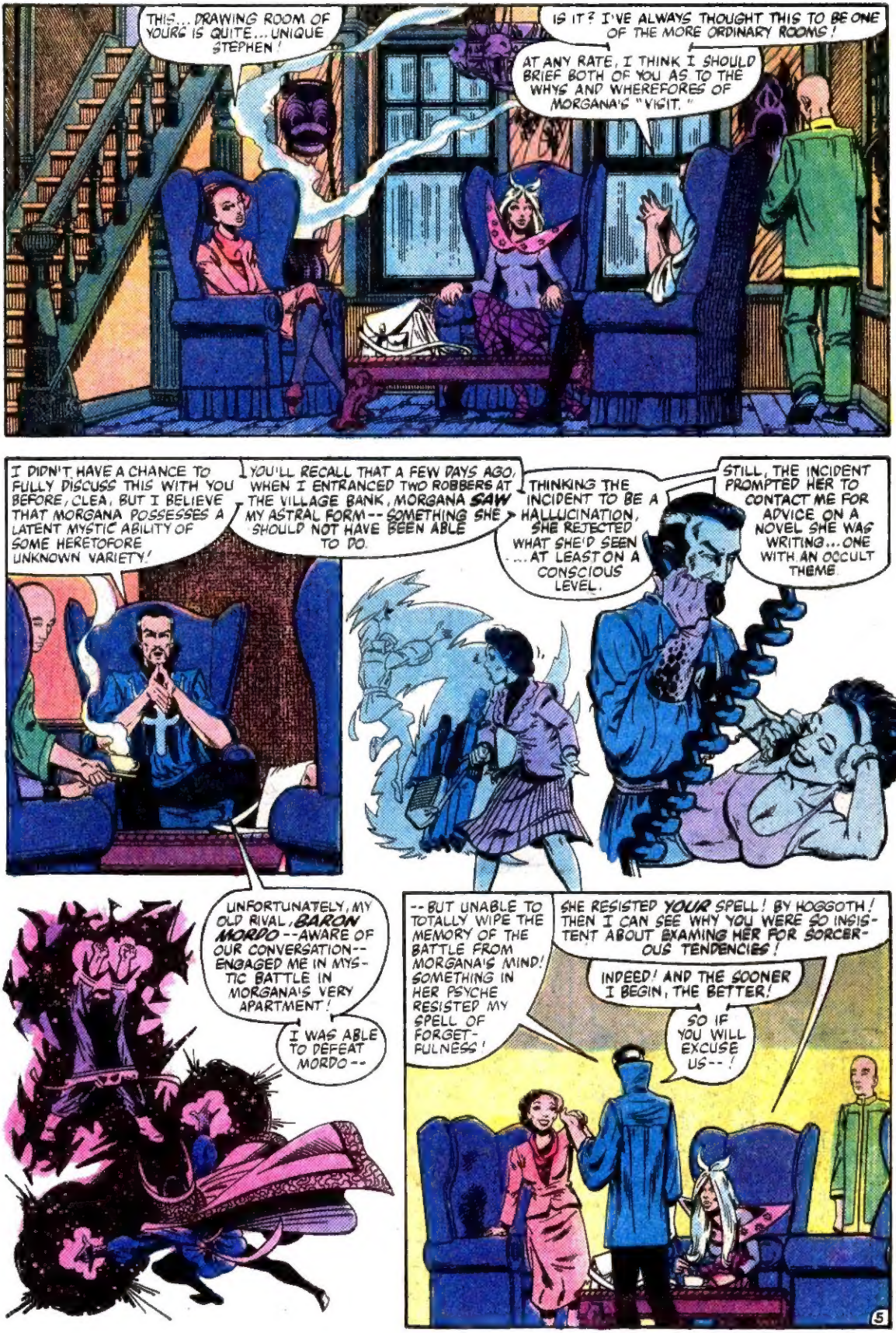
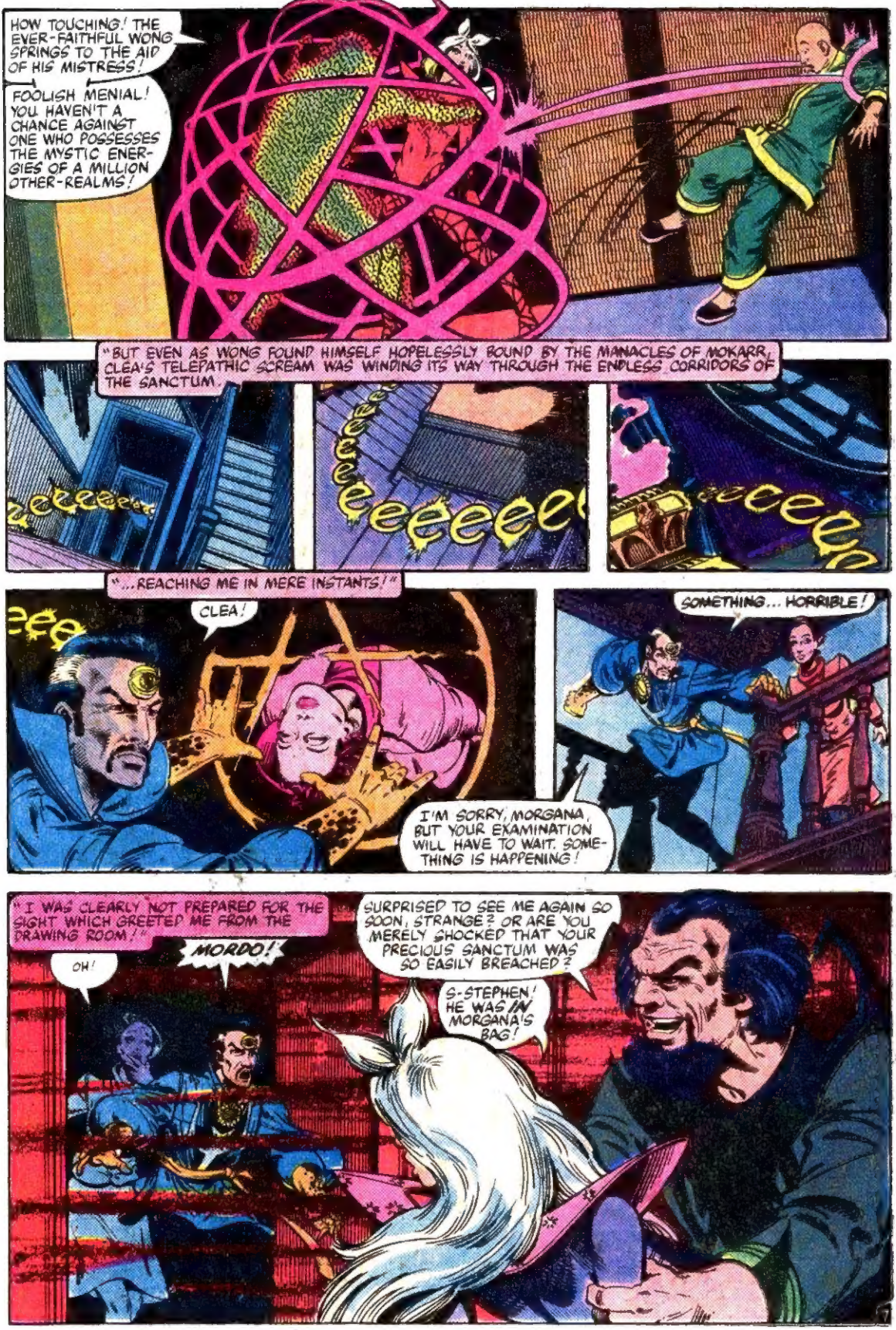
I SEE YOU HESITATE, DOCTOR... AND WITH GOOD REASON!
MANY TIMES HAVE WE OPPOSED EACH OTHER... YOU THWARTED MY PLANS TO EXTEND MY RULE OVER YOUR OWN PUNY WORLD!
EACH OF THOSE TIMES YOU ESCAPED WITH YOUR LIFE. BUT PERHAPS YOU SENSE THAT THIS TIME THINGS WILL BE DIFFERENT, EH?
PERHAPS IT IS BECAUSE YOU HAVE MADE A FATAL MISTAKE IN ENTERING MY REALM UNBIDDEN!
ONCE YOU BOASTED THAT YOUR POWER WAS THAT OF TRUTH AND JUSTICE! WELL, I SAY IT IS NO MORE!
THERE IS NO JUSTICE IN THE SOUL OF AN INVADER!
HIS ACCUSATION IS SIMPLISTIC, BUT ALL TOO VALID, I FEAR!
MY TRESPASS UPON NIGHTMARE'S DIMENSION PUTS ME AT A MAGICAL DISADVANTAGE!
ALREADY, HIS ENCHANTED WAND HAS ENSNARED ME IN A MAZE OF CONFINEMENT!
BUT I MUST NOT BE HELD! I AM ON A MISSION SO DIRE, I CAN BROOK NO DELAY!
HEAR ME, NIGHTMARE! THOUGH ENEMIES WE ARE, IT WAS NOT MY INTENT TO ATTACK YOU!
WOULD THAT YOU COULD BELIEVE THAT! YET, I KNOW YOU CANNOT... MORE'S THE PITY!
WERE IT OTHERWISE, WE MIGHT STRIKE A TRUCE. INSTEAD, I KNOW THAT I HAVE BUT ONE RECOURSE!
AT DR. STRANGE'S MENTAL COMMAND, THE ENCHANTED AMULET AT HIS THROAT SUDDENLY BLAZES FORTH WITH THE DAZZLING LIGHT OF AGAMOTTO, BLINDING HIS ADVERSARY--


--SO THAT HE CAN FLEE THE DIMENSION OF DREAMS UNHARMED!
I KNOW I HAVE DEFEATED NIGHTMARE BEFORE WITH THE LIGHT OF THE ALL-SEEING --
--BUT I DID NOT TRULY EXPECT IT TO STOP HIM AGAIN SO EASILY!
I SUSPECT TRICKERY ON HIS PART, BUT I HAVE NO TIME TO CHECK MY SUSPICIONS NOW!
TWO LIVES ARE IMPERILED, AND THEIR DANGER INCREASES WITH EACH PASSING SECOND!
TO THINK THAT SUCH A SORRY STATE SHOULD HAVE HAD ITS BEGINNINGS--
"--IN MY OWN GREENWICH VILLAGE SANCTUM SANCTORUM, IF ONLY I HAD BEEN MORE OBSERVANT, I MIGHT HAVE STOPPED THE EVIL BEFORE IT STARTED!"
HEL-LO! I'M MORGANA BLESSING! I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH DR. STRANGE!
AH, YES... THE MASTER IS EXPECTING YOU. PLEASE ENTER.
"I FELT SLIGHTLY ILL AT EASE AS FAITHFUL WONG WELCOMED THE BLESSING WOMAN-- BUT I ATTRIBUTED MY DISCOMFORT TO THE ENIGMA SHE PRESENTED ME.
"I WAS TERRIBLY WRONG, AND ONLY THE VISHANTI KNOW WHAT DOOM MY ERROR MAY YET CAUSE!"
THE CAT & the cataclysm
STAN LEE PRESENTS: ADKINS/STERN · MARSHALL ROGERS CHRONICLERS · TERRY AUSTIN / JIM NOVAK LETTERER / MARSHALL ROGERS COLORIST / ALLEN MILGROM EDITOR / JIM SHOOTER ANCIENT ONE
5


GOOD MORNING, STEPHEN! I MUST SAY, I DIDN'T QUITE EXPECT THIS! IS THAT YOUR MAGICIAN'S OUTFIT?
I SUPPOSE YOU COULD CALL IT THAT!
I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU LOOKING SO RELAXED, MORGANA! THAT SHOULD MAKE THE EXAMINATION EASIER!
WILL MS. BLESSING BE TAKING TEA WITH YOU AND MISTRESS CLEA, MASTER?
MISTRESS CLEA?!
UH... NONE FOR ME, THANKS.
NOR FOR ME, WONG.
BUT I'M FORGETTING MYSELF. MORGANA, THIS IS MY MANSERVANT, WONG, AND THIS--
--IS MY DISCIPLE, CLEA! CLEA, THIS IS MORGANA BLESSING!
HOW DO YOU DO, MS. BLESSING? STEPHEN TELLS ME THAT YOU ARE A WRITER-- OF FICTION?
YES, I AM, MISS... I'M SORRY, BUT I DIDN'T GET YOUR NAME!
CLEA. JUST.. CLEA.
REALLY?! HOW NICE! AND YOU MUST CALL ME MORGANA! HAVE YOU BEEN WITH STEPHEN LONG?
OH, JUST FOR A FEW YEARS... MS. BLESSING.
AH... WHY DON'T WE RETIRE TO THE DRAWING ROOM?
OF COURSE, STEPHEN!


THIS... DRAWING ROOM OF YOURS IS QUITE... UNIQUE STEPHEN!
IS IT? I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT THIS TO BE ONE OF THE MORE ORDINARY ROOMS!
AT ANY RATE, I THINK I SHOULD BRIEF BOTH OF YOU AS TO THE WHYS AND WHEREFORES OF MORGANA'S "VISIT."
I DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO FULLY DISCUSS THIS WITH YOU BEFORE, CLEA, BUT I BELIEVE THAT MORGANA POSSESSES A LATENT MYSTIC ABILITY OF SOME HERETOFORE UNKNOWN VARIETY!
YOU'LL RECALL THAT A FEW DAYS AGO, WHEN I ENTRANCED TWO ROBBERS AT THE VILLAGE BANK, MORGANA SAW MY ASTRAL FORM -- SOMETHING SHE SHOULD NOT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO DO.
THINKING THE INCIDENT TO BE A HALLUCINATION, SHE REJECTED WHAT SHE'D SEEN -- AT LEAST ON A CONSCIOUS LEVEL.
STILL, THE INCIDENT PROMPTED HER TO CONTACT ME FOR ADVICE ON A NOVEL SHE WAS WRITING... ONE WITH AN OCCULT THEME
UNFORTUNATELY, MY OLD RIVAL, BARON MORDO -- AWARE OF OUR CONVERSATION -- ENGAGED ME IN MYSTIC BATTLE IN MORGANA'S VERY APARTMENT!
I WAS ABLE TO DEFEAT MORDO --
-- BUT UNABLE TO TOTALLY WIPE THE MEMORY OF THE BATTLE FROM MORGANA'S MIND! SOMETHING IN HER PSYCHE RESISTED MY SPELL OF FORGETFULNESS!
SHE RESISTED YOUR SPELL! BY HOGGOTH! THEN I CAN SEE WHY YOU WERE SO INSISTENT ABOUT EXAMING HER FOR SORCEROUS TENDENCIES!
INDEED! AND THE SOONER I BEGIN, THE BETTER!
SO IF YOU WILL EXCUSE US --!
5

I THOUGHT STEPHEN SEEMED PARTICULARLY TENSE LAST NIGHT. I WISH HE HAD TOLD ME ALL THIS EARLIER! BUT THAT WILL ALWAYS BE THE PROBLEM WITH OUR RELATIONSHIP...
... THERE ARE SECRETS WHICH STEPHEN WOULD GLADLY TELL HIS LOVER--
--BUT WHICH DR. STRANGE MUST KEEP FROM HIS DISCIPLE, UNTIL SHE IS READY TO LEARN THEM!
OH, WELL... NO ONE EVER SAID IT WOULD BE EASY. STILL...
MMMM


HOW TOUCHING! THE EVER-FAITHFUL WONG SPRINGS TO THE AID OF HIS MISTRESS!
FOOLISH MENIAL! YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE AGAINST ONE WHO POSSESSES THE MYSTIC ENERGIES OF A MILLION OTHER-REALMS!
"BUT EVEN AS WONG FOUND HIMSELF HOPELESSLY BOUND BY THE MANACLES OF MOKARR, CLEA'S TELEPATHIC SCREAM WAS WINDING ITS WAY THROUGH THE ENDLESS CORRIDORS OF THE SANCTUM.
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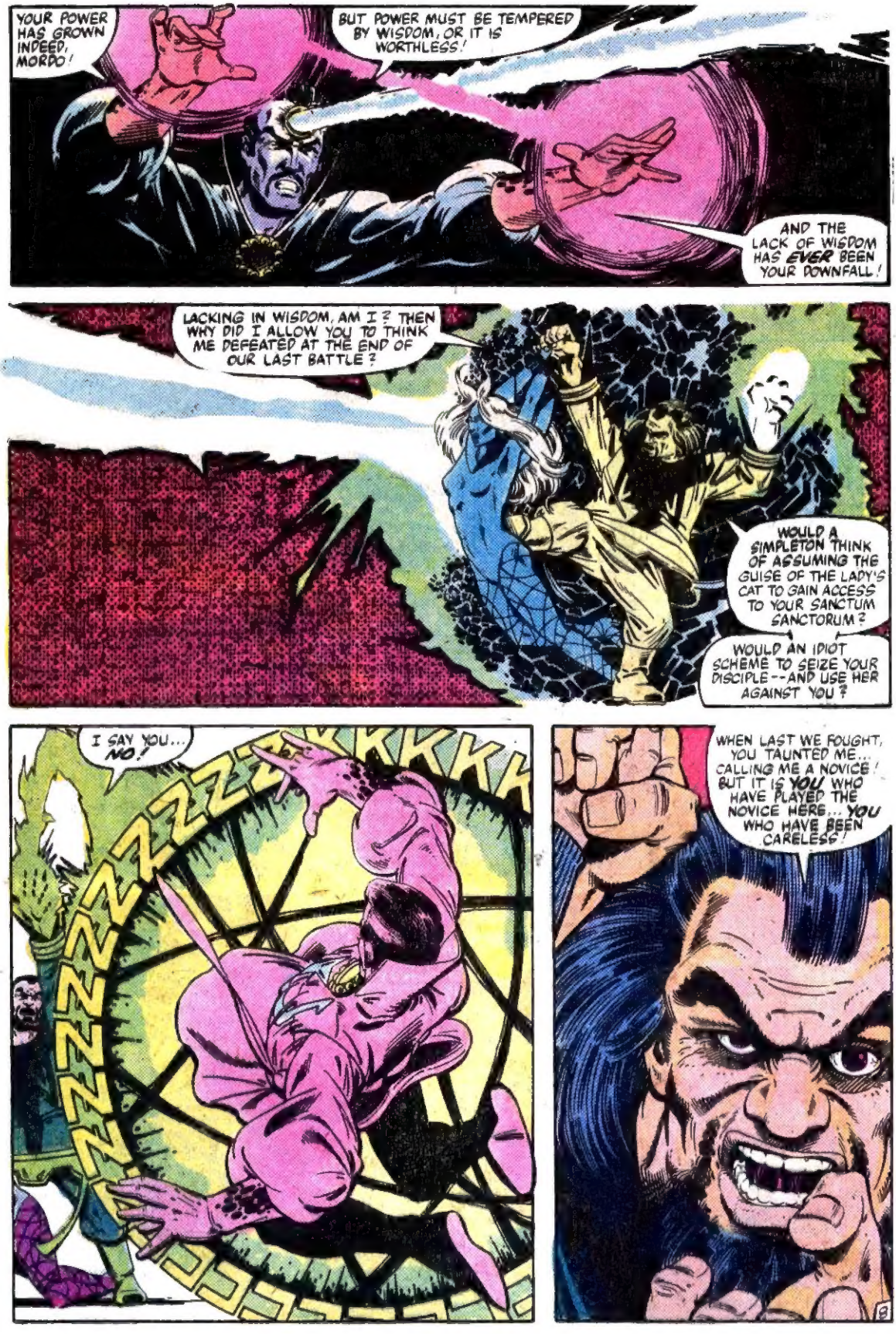

YOUR POWER HAS GROWN INDEED, MORDO!
BUT POWER MUST BE TEMPERED BY WISDOM, OR IT IS WORTHLESS!
AND THE LACK OF WISDOM HAS EVER BEEN YOUR DOWNFALL!
LACKING IN WISDOM, AM I? THEN WHY DID I ALLOW YOU TO THINK ME DEFEATED AT THE END OF OUR LAST BATTLE?
WOULD A SIMPLETON THINK OF ASSUMING THE GUISE OF THE LADY'S CAT TO GAIN ACCESS TO YOUR SANCTUM SANCTORUM?
WOULD AN IDIOT SCHEME TO SEIZE YOUR DISCIPLE--AND USE HER AGAINST YOU?
I SAY YOU... NO!
ZZZ

"BUT, ONCE AGAIN, MORDO HAD FALLEN PREY TO HIS OWN PRIDEFUL OVER-CONFIDENCE!"
EH? DEMONS OF DORMAMMU! HE'S CAPTURED THE ELDRITCH FORCES I USED AGAINST HIM... AND USED THEM TO FORM A CONJURER'S SPHERE!
BUT THAT'S ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS MYSTIC CONSTRUCTS IMAGINABLE! IT LITERALLY ABSORBS THE MAGICAL FORCE IN A CONTAINED AREA! ONLY THE MOST SKILLED SORCERER ALIVE...
...WOULD DARE... FORM ONE...
BY SATANNISH! I CAN ALREADY FEEL MY NEW-FOUND POWER OOZING AWAY! I MUST FLEE WHILE THERE IS STILL TIME!
AND I KNOW EXACTLY HOW TO GAIN ENOUGH TIME! ALL I NEED IS THE PROPER MEDIUM!
YOU!
M-M-ME?
YES, YOU! CLEA WAS BORN IN ANOTHER DIMENSION, AND SO SHE IS OF NO USE TO ME IN MAKING GOOD MY ESCAPE! I NEED SOMEONE OF THIS EARTH!
NOW COME ALONG, OR I'LL WRING YOUR NECK, AS EASILY AS I DID YOUR CAT'S!
WHAT?! YOU... YOU KILLED--?
WHY, YOU HIDEOUS BEAST! I'LL--!
YOU'LL DO NOTHING, MS. BLESSING, BUT ACCOMPANY US ON A LITTLE JOURNEY! DON'T WORRY... WE WON'T BE GONE MORE THAN A LIFETIME!
HA HAH HA!
9

"WITH MORDO GONE, MY CONJURER'S SPHERE AUTOMATICALLY DISPERSED... AND I FOUND THE DRAWING ROOM EMPTY OF ALL BUT ONE."

THEY ARE GONE, MASTER I...I COULD DO NOTHING.

"AS BEST AS HE COULD, WONG RELATED TO ME WHAT HAD TRANSPIRED DURING MY BRIEF CONTAINMENT IN THE SPHERE--"

--AND I BEGAN MY SEARCH OF THESE DIMENSIONAL PLANES CLOSEST THE EARTH, LEAVING WONG TO PUT THE SANCTUM IN ORDER.

THERE MUST BE A CLUE IN MORDO'S ABDUCTION OF MORGANA, BUT I HAVE YET TO PUZZLE IT OUT.

HIS CAPTURE OF CLEA WAS NO DOUBT INTENDED TO BREAK THE MYSTIC LINK BETWEEN US...

...THE LINK WHICH HAS EVOLVED DUE TO OUR UNIQUE RELATIONSHIP. I DOUBT THAT HE REALIZES IT YET, BUT CLEA HAS BECOME SOMETHING QUITE DIFFERENT THAN A LOVER!

HER OTHER-WORLDLY POWER HAS BECOME A COMPLEMENT TO MINE. SHE HAS TRULY BECOME THE *YIN* TO MY *YANG!*

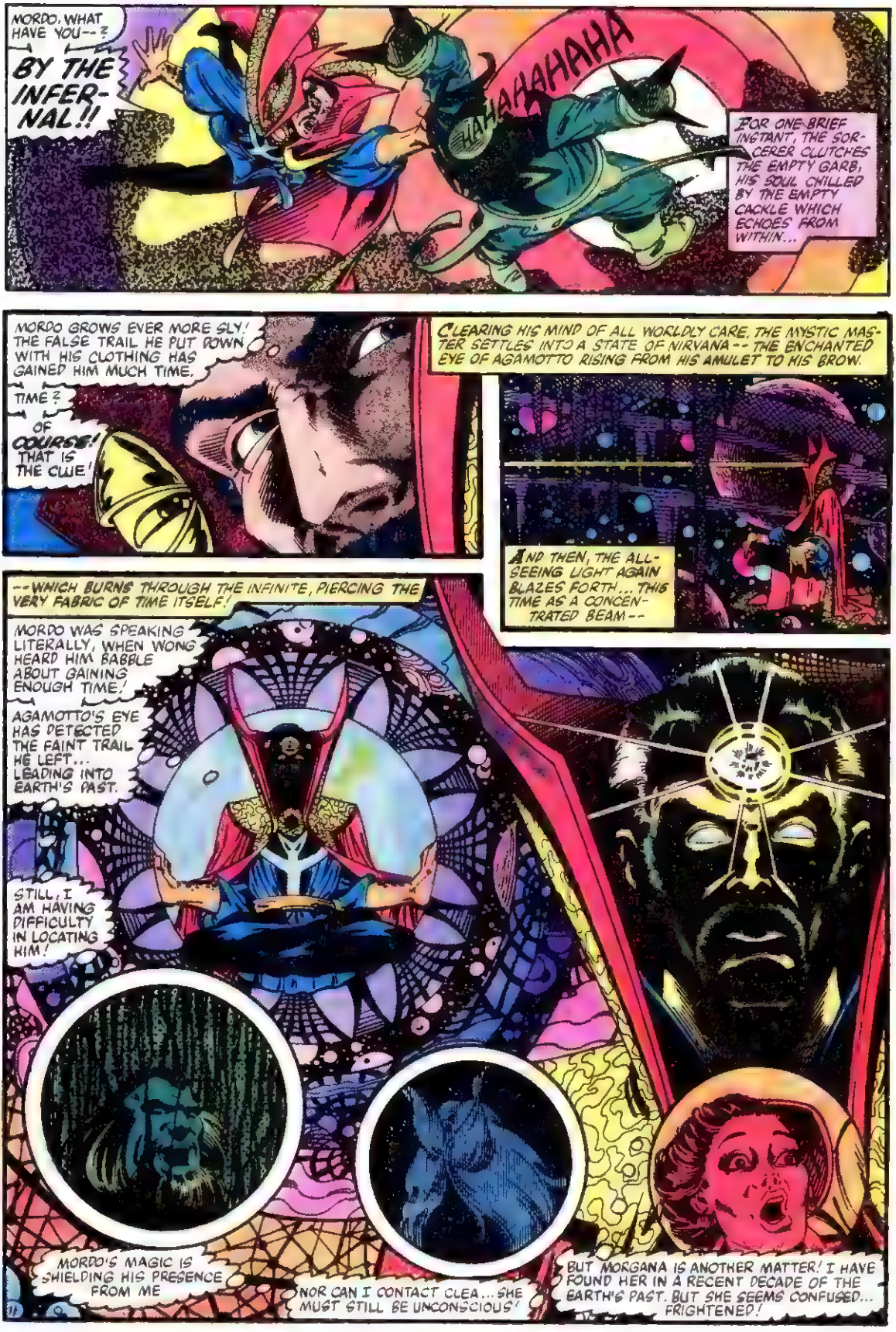
MORDO REALIZES THIS, AND HOPES TO WEAKEN ME BY SEPARATING US!

BUT WHY DRAG MORGANA INTO THIS? IN WHAT WAY DOES HE INTEND TO USE HER? WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?

AS EACH SUCCEEDING QUESTION TORTURES HIS MIND, DR. STRANGE TRANSCENDS YET ANOTHER DIMENSION, BRAVING MENACE AFTER MENACE--EVER SEARCHING FOR CLUES OF MORDO'S TRAIL--

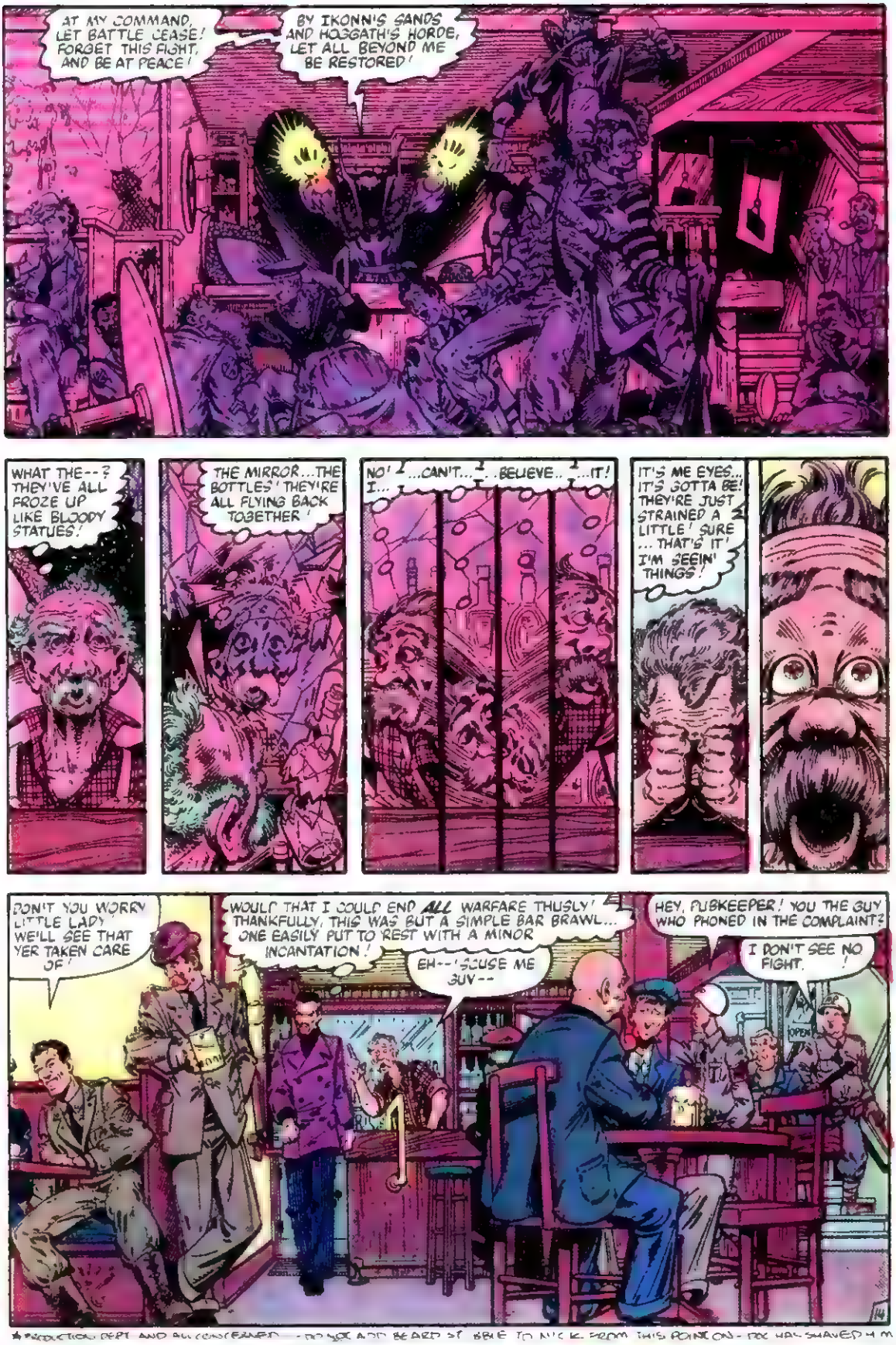
--UNTIL, FINALLY...

I'VE FOUND HIM, BUT... HE'S ALONE?! WHAT HAS HE DONE WITH CLEA AND MORGANA?!

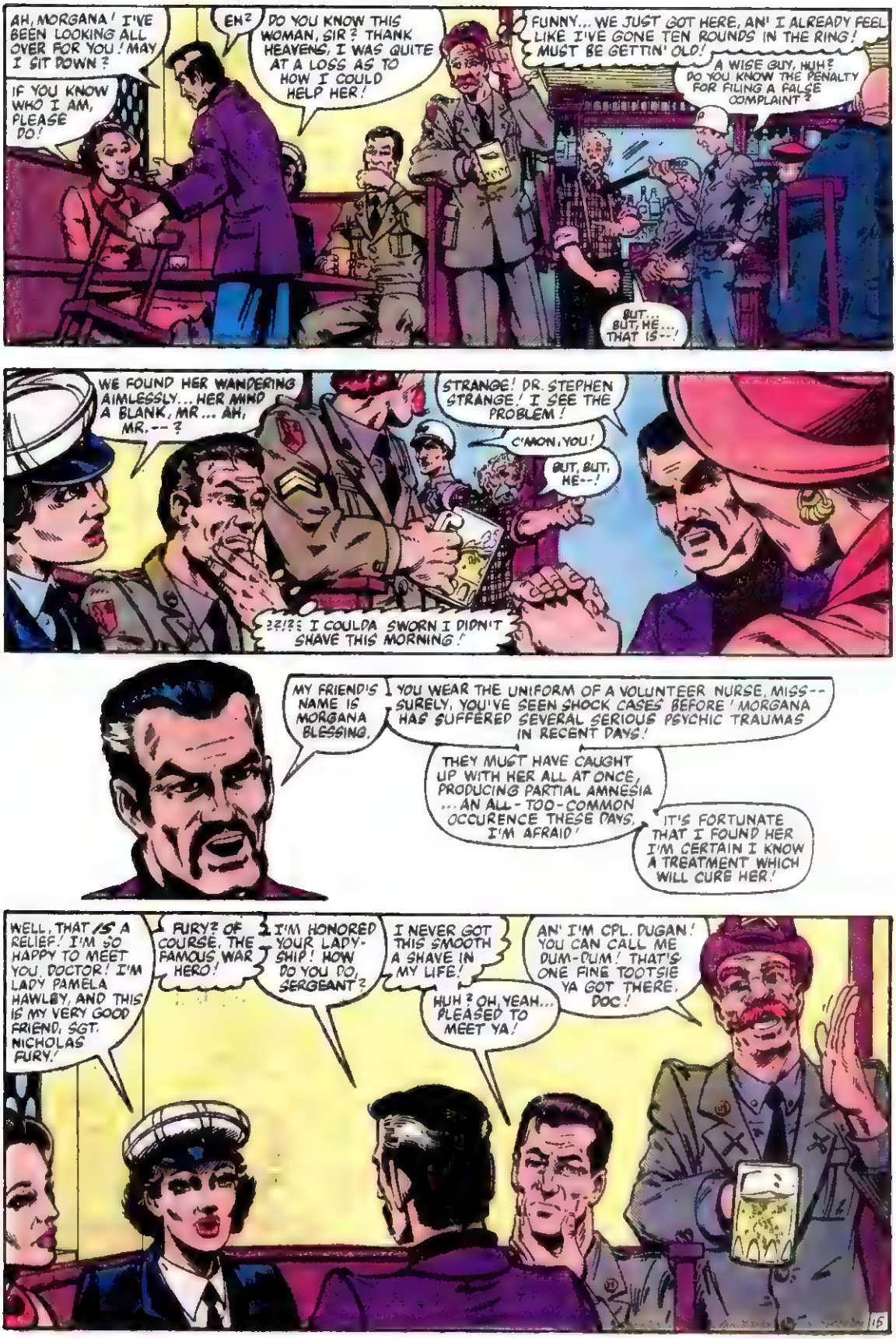

MORDO, WHAT HAVE YOU--?
BY THE INFERNAL!!
HAHAHAHAHA
FOR ONE BRIEF INSTANT, THE SORCERER CLUTCHES THE EMPTY GARB, HIS SOUL CHILLED BY THE EMPTY CACKLE WHICH ECHOES FROM WITHIN...
MORDO GROWS EVER MORE SLY! THE FALSE TRAIL HE PUT DOWN WITH HIS CLOTHING HAS GAINED HIM MUCH TIME.
TIME? OF COURSE! THAT IS THE CLUE!
CLEARING HIS MIND OF ALL WORLDLY CARE, THE MYSTIC MASTER SETTLES INTO A STATE OF NIRVANA -- THE ENCHANTED EYE OF AGAMOTTO RISING FROM HIS AMULET TO HIS BROW.
AND THEN, THE ALL-SEEING LIGHT AGAIN BLAZES FORTH... THIS TIME AS A CONCENTRATED BEAM --
--WHICH BURNS THROUGH THE INFINITE, PIERCING THE VERY FABRIC OF TIME ITSELF!
MORDO WAS SPEAKING LITERALLY, WHEN WONG HEARD HIM BABBLE ABOUT GAINING ENOUGH TIME!
AGAMOTTO'S EYE HAS DETECTED THE FAINT TRAIL HE LEFT... LEADING INTO EARTH'S PAST.
STILL, I AM HAVING DIFFICULTY IN LOCATING HIM!
MORDO'S MAGIC IS SHIELDING HIS PRESENCE FROM ME
NOR CAN I CONTACT CLEA... SHE MUST STILL BE UNCONSCIOUS!
BUT MORGANA IS ANOTHER MATTER! I HAVE FOUND HER IN A RECENT DECADE OF THE EARTH'S PAST. BUT SHE SEEMS CONFUSED... FRIGHTENED!

KRASH!
DON'T PANIC, DEAR-- JUST STAY DOWN AND KEEP CALM. THIS WON'T LAST LONG.
I HOPE!
BIFF
KRAK
THWAP
WHUMP
THE YEAR IS 1943... THE PLACE, A PUB IN LONDON. IT IS HERE THAT A VERY CONFUSED MORGANA BLESSING SUDDENLY FINDS HERSELF CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF ONE OF THE LESSER KNOWN BATTLES OF WORLD WAR TWO!
ATTABOY, NICK! WE'LL TEACH THESE YAH-HOOS NOT TO BAD-MOUTH THE HOWLING COMMANDOS!
AW, SHADDAP, DUM-DUM-- AN' WATCH YER FLANK!
KRUMP
WUDD
NICHOLAS FURY!
DON'T WORRY, PAM-- SOON AS DUGAN AN' ME TAKE CARE'A THESE JERKS, I'LL TAKE YA TO A NICE PLACE!
IF YOU DON'T STOP FIGHTING THIS INSTANT, YOU WON'T BE TAKING ME ANY-WHERE!
AW, BUT, BABY...
NICK, LOOK OUT!

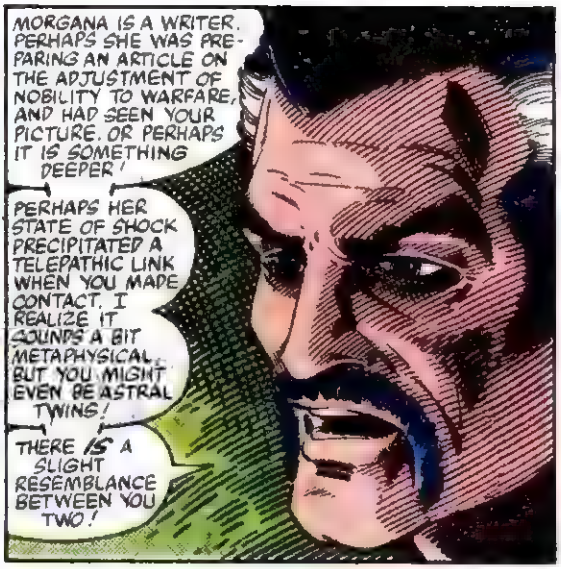
YER A FINE ONE TO TALK ABOUT WATCHIN' YER FLANK!
I SEE WHAT'CHA MEAN, YA OL' WALRUS!
YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK?
YOU THINK WE'VE BEEN TOO EASY ON THESE GOLD-BRICKS!
YOU GOT IT!
WAH-HOO!
CRASH
WHIZZ
SMASH
OH, ME POOR MIRROR! WHEN WILL THIS MADNESS END?
AND WHERE ARE THOSE YANK M.P.'S I RANG FOR?
EH? WHERE'D THEGE BLOODY CURTAINS COME FROM?
OH.
THIS WILL NEVER DO.
13


AT MY COMMAND, LET BATTLE CEASE! FORGET THIS FIGHT, AND BE AT PEACE!
BY IKONN'S SANDS AND HOGGATH'S HORDE, LET ALL BEYOND ME BE RESTORED!
WHAT THE--? THEY'VE ALL FROZE UP LIKE BLOODY STATUES!
THE MIRROR...THE BOTTLES! THEY'RE ALL FLYING BACK TOGETHER!
NO! I... ...CAN'T... ...BELIEVE... ...IT!
IT'S ME EYES... IT'S GOTTA BE! THEY'RE JUST STRAINED A LITTLE! SURE ... THAT'S IT! I'M SEEIN' THINGS!
DON'T YOU WORRY LITTLE LADY WE'LL SEE THAT YER TAKEN CARE OF!
WOULD THAT I COULD END ALL WARFARE THUSLY! THANKFULLY, THIS WAS BUT A SIMPLE BAR BRAWL... ONE EASILY PUT TO REST WITH A MINOR INCANTATION!
EH--'SCUSE ME GUV--
HEY, PUBKEEPER! YOU THE GUY WHO PHONED IN THE COMPLAINT?
I DON'T SEE NO FIGHT.
OPEN

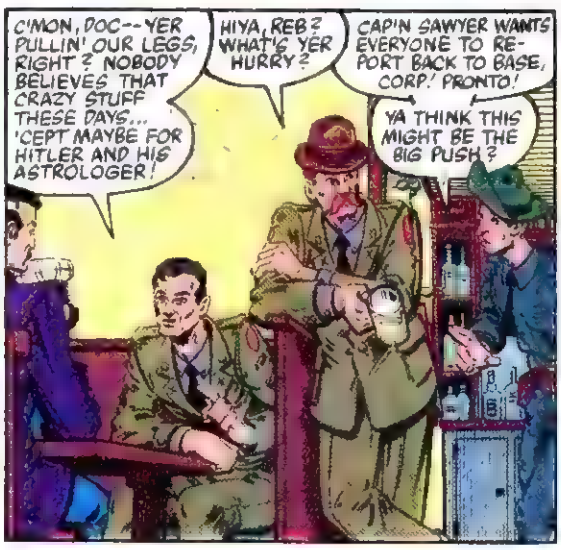
* PRODUCTION DEPT AND ALL CONCERNED - DO NOT ADD BEARD OF ANY KIND TO NICK FROM THIS POINT ON - FOR HAS SHAVED HIMSELF

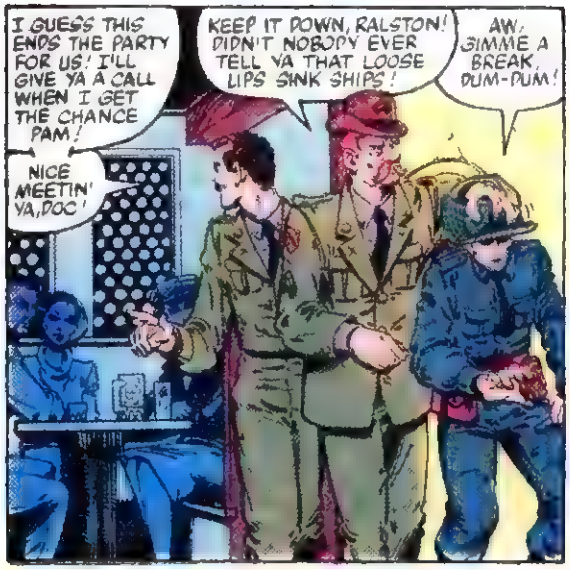

AH, MORGANA! I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU! MAY I SIT DOWN?
IF YOU KNOW WHO I AM, PLEASE DO!
EH?
DO YOU KNOW THIS WOMAN, SIR? THANK HEAVENS, I WAS QUITE AT A LOSS AS TO HOW I COULD HELP HER!
FUNNY... WE JUST GOT HERE, AN' I ALREADY FEEL LIKE I'VE GONE TEN ROUNDS IN THE RING! MUST BE GETTIN' OLD!
A WISE GUY, HUH? DO YOU KNOW THE PENALTY FOR FILING A FALSE COMPLAINT?
BUT... BUT, HE... THAT IS--!
WE FOUND HER WANDERING AIMLESSLY... HER MIND A BLANK, MR... AH, MR.--?
STRANGE! DR. STEPHEN STRANGE! I SEE THE PROBLEM!
C'MON, YOU!
BUT, BUT, HE--!
?!?! I COULDA SWORN I DIDN'T SHAVE THIS MORNING!
MY FRIEND'S NAME IS MORGANA BLESSING.
YOU WEAR THE UNIFORM OF A VOLUNTEER NURSE, MISS-- SURELY, YOU'VE SEEN SHOCK CASES BEFORE! MORGANA HAS SUFFERED SEVERAL SERIOUS PSYCHIC TRAUMAS IN RECENT DAYS!
THEY MUST HAVE CAUGHT UP WITH HER ALL AT ONCE, PRODUCING PARTIAL AMNESIA ... AN ALL-TOO-COMMON OCCURENCE THESE DAYS, I'M AFRAID!
IT'S FORTUNATE THAT I FOUND HER I'M CERTAIN I KNOW A TREATMENT WHICH WILL CURE HER!
WELL, THAT IS A RELIEF! I'M SO HAPPY TO MEET YOU, DOCTOR! I'M LADY PAMELA HAWLEY, AND THIS IS MY VERY GOOD FRIEND, SGT. NICHOLAS FURY!
FURY? OF COURSE, THE FAMOUS WAR HERO!
I'M HONORED YOUR LADY-SHIP! HOW DO YOU DO, SERGEANT?
I NEVER GOT THIS SMOOTH A SHAVE IN MY LIFE!
HUH? OH, YEAH... PLEASED TO MEET YA!
AN' I'M CPL. DUGAN! YOU CAN CALL ME DUM-DUM! THAT'S ONE FINE TOOTSIE YA GOT THERE, DOC!
15

CORPORAL, PLEASE!
DOCTOR, ONE THING PUZZLES ME... WHEN WE FOUND MORGANA, SHE CALLED ME BY MY FIRST NAME! YET, WE'VE NEVER MET, AND MY FACE IS HARDLY THAT WELL KNOWN!
THERE ARE ANY NUMBER OF EXPLANATIONS, LADY HAWLEY!

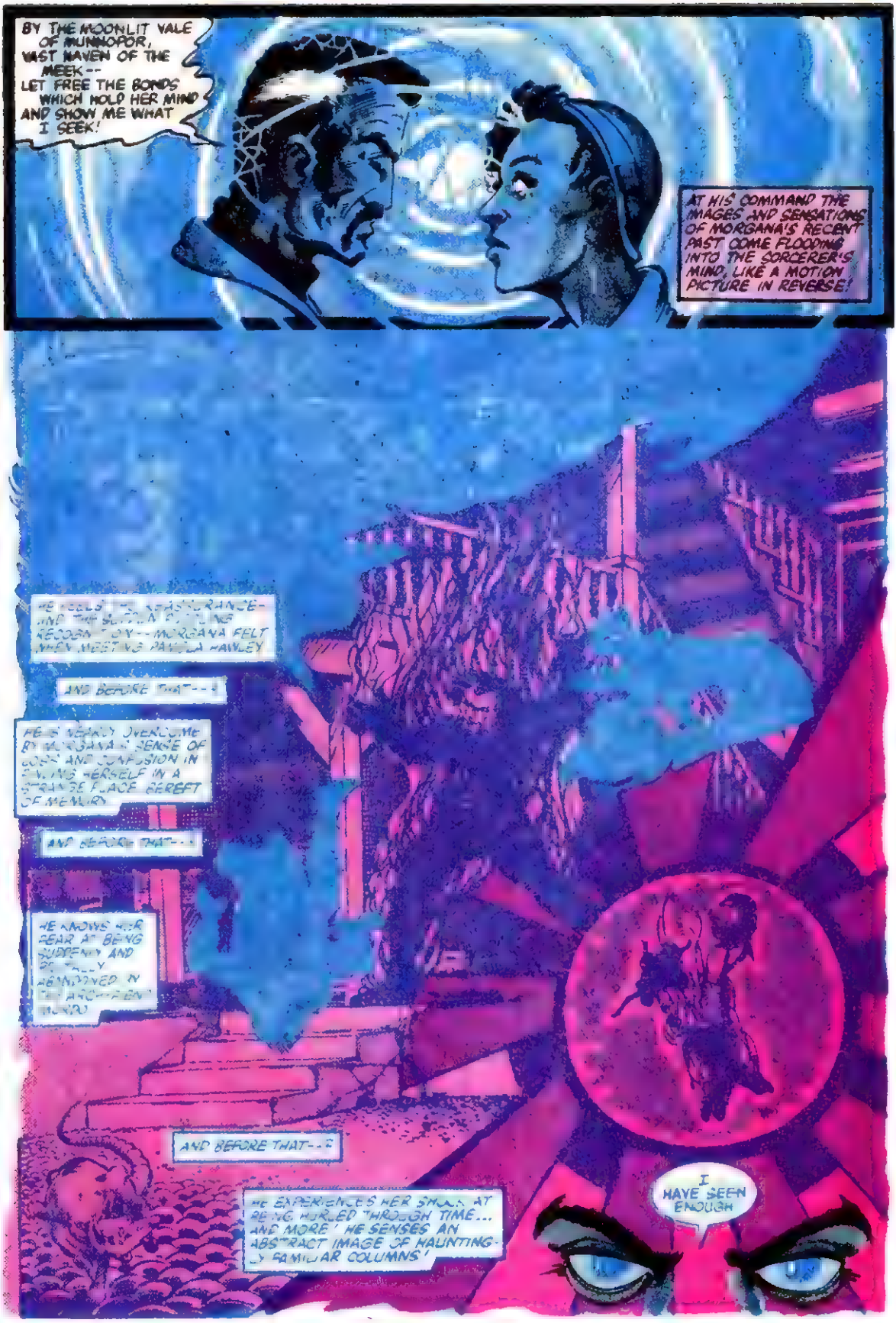

MORGANA IS A WRITER. PERHAPS SHE WAS PREPARING AN ARTICLE ON THE ADJUSTMENT OF NOBILITY TO WARFARE, AND HAD SEEN YOUR PICTURE. OR PERHAPS IT IS SOMETHING DEEPER!
PERHAPS HER STATE OF SHOCK PRECIPITATED A TELEPATHIC LINK WHEN YOU MADE CONTACT. I REALIZE IT SOUNDS A BIT METAPHYSICAL, BUT YOU MIGHT EVEN BE ASTRAL TWINS!
THERE IS A SLIGHT RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN YOU TWO!

TELEPATHIC LINK?
ASTRAL TWINS?
SUUURRRE!


C'MON, DOC--YER PULLIN' OUR LEGS, RIGHT? NOBODY BELIEVES THAT CRAZY STUFF THESE DAYS... 'CEPT MAYBE FOR HITLER AND HIS ASTROLOGER!
HIYA, REB? WHAT'S YER HURRY?
CAP'N SAWYER WANTS EVERYONE TO REPORT BACK TO BASE, CORP.! PRONTO!
YA THINK THIS MIGHT BE THE BIG PUSH?


I GUESS THIS ENDS THE PARTY FOR US! I'LL GIVE YA A CALL WHEN I GET THE CHANCE PAM!
KEEP IT DOWN, RALSTON! DIDN'T NOBODY EVER TELL YA THAT LOOSE LIPS SINK SHIPS!
AW, GIMME A BREAK, DUM-DUM!
NICE MEETIN' YA, DOC!

IT IS FORTUNATE THAT THEY WERE CALLED AWAY. THINGS WILL BE EASIER NOW
EASIER? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
IT WILL ALL BE CLEAR, SHORTLY, MORGANA. FIRST I MUST PLACE OUR NEW FRIEND UNDER A LIGHT TRANCE--LEST SHE HEAR SOMETHING SHE SHOULDN'T
NOW, MY DEAR, CLEAR YOUR MIND OF ALL WORRIES, ALL FEARS!


BY THE MOONLIT VALE OF MUNHOPOR, VAST HAVEN OF THE MEEK-- LET FREE THE BONDS WHICH HOLD HER MIND AND SHOW ME WHAT I SEEK!
AT HIS COMMAND THE IMAGES AND SENSATIONS OF MORGANA'S RECENT PAST COME FLOODING INTO THE SORCERER'S MIND, LIKE A MOTION PICTURE IN REVERSE!
HE FEELS HER REASSURANCE-- AND THE SUBTLE EXCITING RECOGNITION-- MORGANA FELT WHEN MEETING PAMELA HAWLEY
AND BEFORE THAT--
HE IS NEARLY OVERCOME BY MORGANA'S SENSE OF LOSS AND CONFUSION IN FINDING HERSELF IN A STRANGE PLACE BEREFT OF MEMORY
AND BEFORE THAT--
HE KNOWS HER FEAR AT BEING SUDDENLY AND [illegible] REMOVED IN [illegible]
AND BEFORE THAT--
HE EXPERIENCES HER SHOCK AT BEING HURLED THROUGH TIME... AND MORE! HE SENSES AN ABSTRACT IMAGE OF HAUNTINGLY FAMILIAR COLUMNS!
I HAVE SEEN ENOUGH

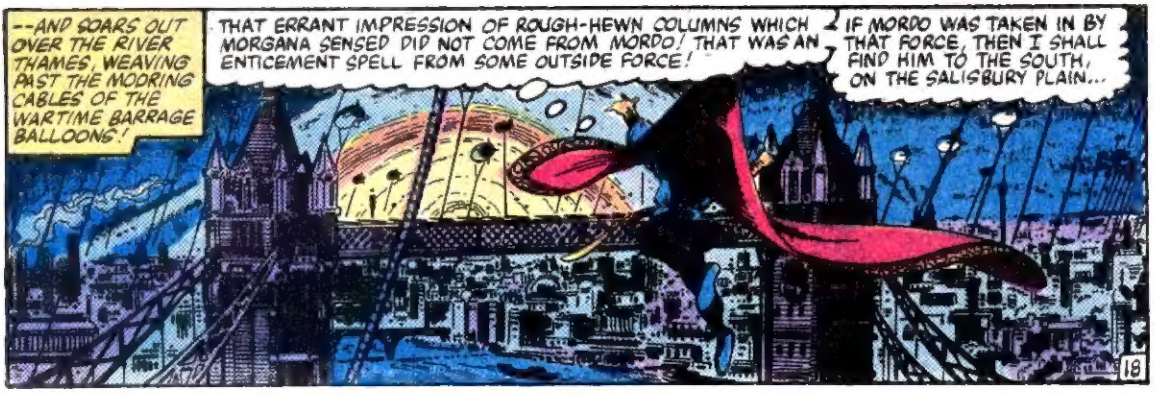
NO WONDER MORGANA SUFFERS FROM AMNESIA! MORDO MUST HAVE USED HER AS A MYSTIC FOCUS BY WHICH TO ANCHOR HIS TRIP THROUGH TIME!
IT WILL TAKE A COMPLICATED SPELL TO RESTORE HER MEMORY--AND I HAVE NOT THE TIME FOR THAT NOW--NOT IF WHAT I SUSPECT IS TRUE!
DO YOU TRULY THINK YOU CAN HELP HER, DOCTOR?

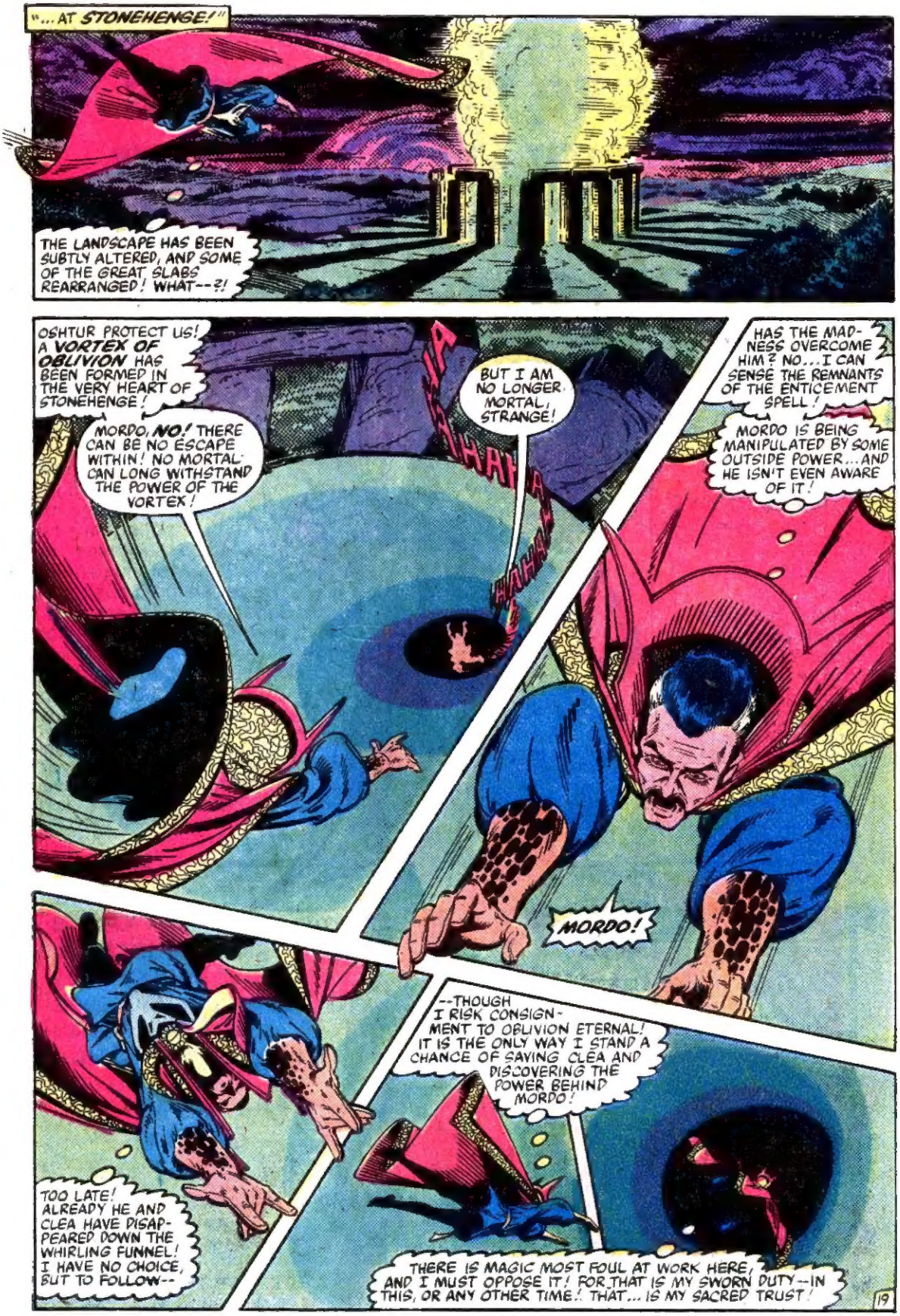
YES..YES, BUT I'LL NEED SOME PREPARATION, FIRST!
WOULD IT BE ALL RIGHT IF I LEFT MORGANA IN YOUR CARE FOR THE TIME BEING?
WELL, I SUPPOSE...
GOOD! THEN I'LL CONTACT YOU ON THE MORROW!

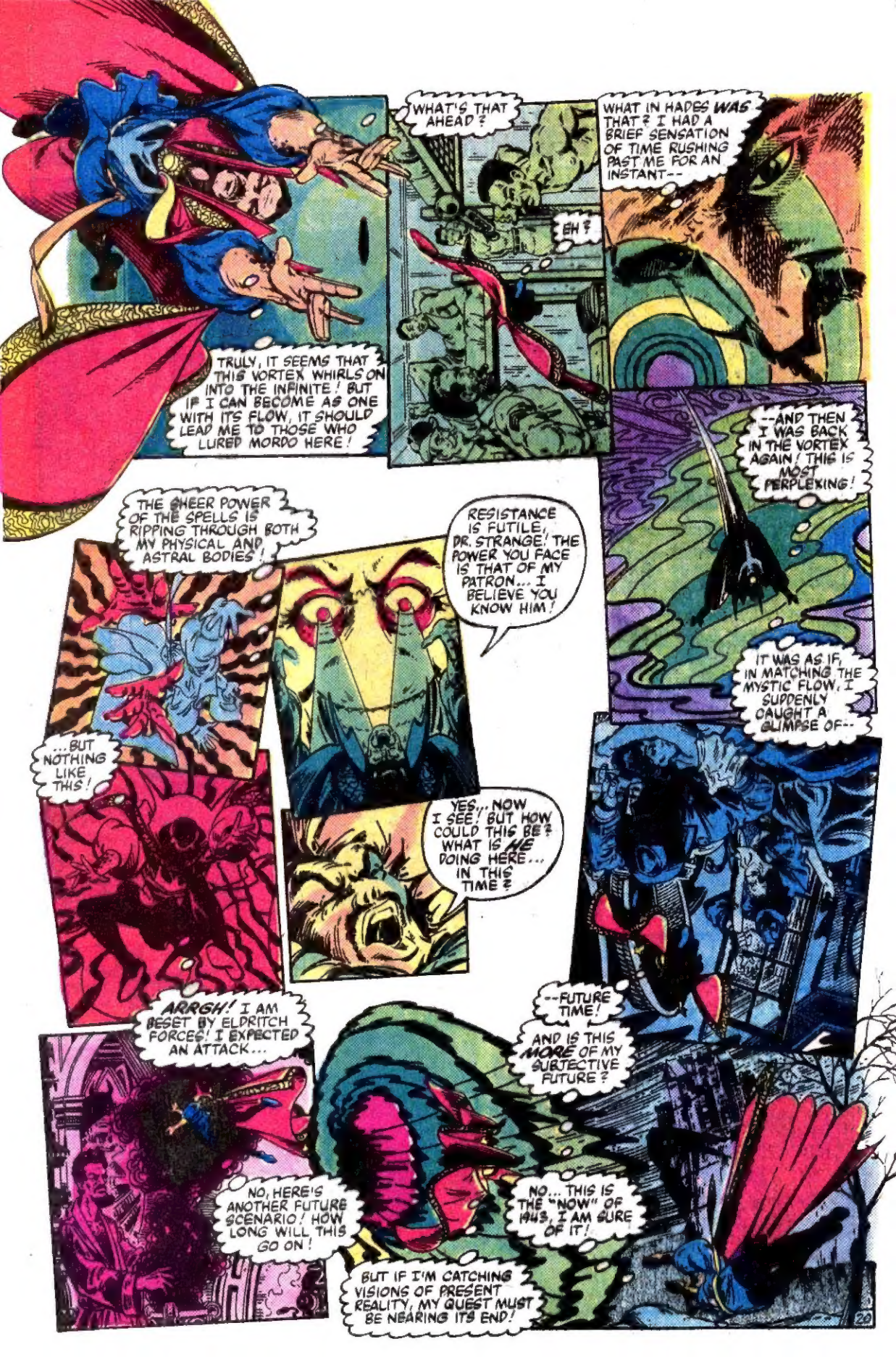
BUT, AS THE MYSTIC MASTER LEAVES THE PUB...
SO, ONE SECOND THERE WAS A FIGHT, AND THE NEXT THERE WASN'T, HUH?
I'M TELLIN' YA, THIS BLOKE WAVED HIS HANDS AND... THERE HE IS! WHY DON'T YOU ASK HIM?
SMOKIN' FISH
THE PUBKEEPER! I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN... PROTECTED BY MY CLOAK, HE WASN'T AFFECTED BY MY SPELL!
SORRY, I REALLY HAVE NO TIME TO SPARE!

WHY DON'T YOU ALL JUST FORGET THIS?
HULLO? WHAT AM I DOIN' OUT HERE?
BEATS ME!

LIFTED BY HIS CLOAK OF LEVITATION, STRANGE DROPS HIS ILLUSORY STREET GARB--


--AND SOARS OUT OVER THE RIVER THAMES, WEAVING PAST THE MOORING CABLES OF THE WARTIME BARRAGE BALLOONS!
THAT ERRANT IMPRESSION OF ROUGH-HEWN COLUMNS WHICH MORGANA SENSED DID NOT COME FROM MORDO! THAT WAS AN ENTICEMENT SPELL FROM SOME OUTSIDE FORCE!
IF MORDO WAS TAKEN IN BY THAT FORCE, THEN I SHALL FIND HIM TO THE SOUTH, ON THE SALISBURY PLAIN...


"... AT STONEHENGE!"
THE LANDSCAPE HAS BEEN SUBTLY ALTERED, AND SOME OF THE GREAT SLABS REARRANGED! WHAT--?!
OSHTUR PROTECT US! A VORTEX OF OBLIVION HAS BEEN FORMED IN THE VERY HEART OF STONEHENGE!
MORDO, NO! THERE CAN BE NO ESCAPE WITHIN! NO MORTAL CAN LONG WITHSTAND THE POWER OF THE VORTEX!
BUT I AM NO LONGER MORTAL, STRANGE!
HAHAHA
HAS THE MADNESS OVERCOME HIM? NO... I CAN SENSE THE REMNANTS OF THE ENTICEMENT SPELL!
MORDO IS BEING MANIPULATED BY SOME OUTSIDE POWER... AND HE ISN'T EVEN AWARE OF IT!
MORDO!
--THOUGH I RISK CONSIGNMENT TO OBLIVION ETERNAL! IT IS THE ONLY WAY I STAND A CHANCE OF SAVING CLEA AND DISCOVERING THE POWER BEHIND MORDO!
TOO LATE! ALREADY HE AND CLEA HAVE DISAPPEARED DOWN THE WHIRLING FUNNEL! I HAVE NO CHOICE, BUT TO FOLLOW--
THERE IS MAGIC MOST FOUL AT WORK HERE, AND I MUST OPPOSE IT! FOR THAT IS MY SWORN DUTY--IN THIS, OR ANY OTHER TIME! THAT... IS MY SACRED TRUST!


TRULY, IT SEEMS THAT THIS VORTEX WHIRLS ON INTO THE INFINITE! BUT IF I CAN BECOME AS ONE WITH ITS FLOW, IT SHOULD LEAD ME TO THOSE WHO LURED MORDO HERE!
WHAT'S THAT AHEAD?
EH?
WHAT IN HADES WAS THAT? I HAD A BRIEF SENSATION OF TIME RUSHING PAST ME FOR AN INSTANT--
--AND THEN I WAS BACK IN THE VORTEX AGAIN! THIS IS MOST PERPLEXING!
IT WAS AS IF, IN MATCHING THE MYSTIC FLOW, I SUDDENLY CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF--
--FUTURE TIME!
AND IS THIS MORE OF MY SUBJECTIVE FUTURE?
NO... THIS IS THE "NOW" OF 1943, I AM SURE OF IT!
BUT IF I'M CATCHING VISIONS OF PRESENT REALITY, MY QUEST MUST BE NEARING ITS END!
ARRGH! I AM BESET BY ELDRITCH FORCES! I EXPECTED AN ATTACK...
NO, HERE'S ANOTHER FUTURE SCENARIO! HOW LONG WILL THIS GO ON!
THE SHEER POWER OF THE SPELLS IS RIPPING THROUGH BOTH MY PHYSICAL AND ASTRAL BODIES!
...BUT NOTHING LIKE THIS!
RESISTANCE IS FUTILE, DR. STRANGE! THE POWER YOU FACE IS THAT OF MY PATRON... I BELIEVE YOU KNOW HIM!
YES... NOW I SEE! BUT HOW COULD THIS BE? WHAT IS HE DOING HERE... IN THIS TIME?
20

ISN'T IT OBVIOUS, DOCTOR? I AM FULFILLING MY DESTINY! HERE, IN YOUR WORLD'S PAST-- DORMAMMU IS REBORN!
YOU AND THE TRAITOROUS CLEA HAVE OPPOSED ME SO MANY TIMES, STRANGE -- IT IS ONLY FITTING THAT YOU MEET YOUR FINAL DEFEAT AMID THE FORGING OF MY ULTIMATE VICTORY!
IN THAT, AT LEAST, MORDO HAS SERVED ME WELL! MORDO... BAH! FOR ALL THE POWER HE HAD GAINED, HE WAS LITTLE MORE THAN A PUPPET IN MY HANDS!
YOURS IS A DIMINISHING RACE, STRANGE! IN THIS ERA, I HAVE FOUND SORCERERS MORE WORTHY OF MY NOTICE -- SUCH AS SIR ANTHONY BASKERVILLE AND HIS PARTNER...
...THE GENTLEMAN WHO HOLDS YOUR FRAGILE MIND IN HIS GRASP... VISCOUNT HEINRICH KROWLER!
THEY HAVE HELPED BRING ME INTO THIS WAR-TORN WORLD! AND THEY SHALL BE MY EARTHLY LIEUTENANTS--
--AS I CONQUER YOUR QUAINT LITTLE PLANET!
YOU DARE NOT MISS NEXT ISSUE'S FEAR-FRAUGHT CONCLUSION...
IN THE CLUTCHES OF VISCOUNT KROWLER!